

DEACON AND HIS WIFE MEET IN AN ASYLUM.



Mrs. Edward Parker Deacon.

Pathetic Meeting Between the Long-Separated Couple.

PATIENT'S GREAT JOY.

The Doctors Think That His Wife's Visit May Improve His Mental Condition.

HER JOURNEY FROM EUROPE

She Has Given Up Her Paris Home, and Will Spend the Winter with Her Brother, Charles Baldwin.

Boston, Dec. 10.—Mrs. Florence Baldwin Deacon, the wife of Edward Parker Deacon, arrived here at the Hotel Vendome on Wednesday night to visit her husband and her daughter Edith. It will be remembered that Mr. Deacon became insane in the early part of last September, and has since then been confined at the McLean Hospital at Waverley, Mass., about six miles from this city.

Mrs. Deacon arrived from Europe a fortnight ago with her youngest and third daughter, accompanied by her husband's brother, Harleston Deacon, and his wife, nee Knox. She was joined in New York by her brother, Charles Baldwin, of San Francisco, with whom she has been staying until she came to Boston. She has given up her home in Paris and has returned to America, having been urged by her husband's family to do so, as well as her own desire and willingness to see and be near her unfortunate husband.

Whatever the public might have thought of the estrangement between husband and wife since the Abille-Deacon tragedy of February 17, 1892, there has in reality been a continued correspondence between them of a more or less friendly nature, which culminated this morning in a complete reconciliation between the long separated pair.

The meeting is described as having been a most pathetic and sad one. Mr. Deacon's condition for the past few days seems to have developed particularly into quiet and melancholy, and at no time since he was confined in the hospital last September has he been violent or excitable. When he was informed this morning that his wife had come all the way from Europe to see him, he seemed overcome with joy. At his request, and with the permission of the physicians, the interview between husband and wife was quite private and took place at Upham House, one of the buildings belonging to the McLean Hospital.

Mr. Deacon's interview with his wife seems to have made a deep impression upon him. The doctors think that his wife had come all the way from Europe to see him whenever he asks for her. His recognition of her and his conversation with her this morning was natural and most affectionate.

Mrs. Deacon's plans are to spend the winter with her brother and his wife, nee Hobart. When will be near enough to reach Mr. Deacon when her presence is deemed necessary.

GIRL SUICIDE HAD \$100,000.

Will of Miss Jessie K. Parsons Disposes of That Amount of Property.

The last will of Miss Jessie K. Parsons, of Yonkers, who committed suicide in this city on November 1, has been admitted to probate in the Westchester County Surrogate's Court.

She left an estate of something over \$100,000. After providing for the paying of her debts, funeral expenses and erecting a suitable monument over her grave, she gives to Augusta R. Schofield, daughter of Leroy Schofield, of Pound Ridge, N. Y., her seven-diamond cluster ring, her seven-diamond diamond ring, her large solitaire diamond ring, her small solitaire diamond ring, pair of large solitaire diamond earrings, and her string of gold beads.

After making several small bequests she made her aunt, Lois C. Pullen, her residuary legatee. The will was dated September 17, 1897.

Bosworth Is an Imposter.

Out of town managers are being imposed upon by a fellow named Bosworth, who claims that he has been authorized by Alan Dale and the New York Journal to ask a series of impertinent questions.

Manager J. T. Fynes, of Keith's Opera House, Providence, in discussing this matter, said: "I don't know how far this fellow has gone in his operations, but he told me when I refused to talk to him, that I was the first of all the managers he had seen who would not give him the information he asked for. He further stated that he was going to interview the Boston managers next. He also said that he was editing in Worcester." The questions asked by this youth, it appears, referred to affairs which were essentially private to the managers. Mr. Alan Dale authorized no such representative to seek interviews.

ENTERMAN—In Pierce's class. Idiotic. GANNON—That the race is over, and that his trainers are in league with the devil to drive him to death. When bad he says his prayers while riding.

JOHNSON—That his head has burst and that his brains are scattered all over the track. He recuperates quickly.

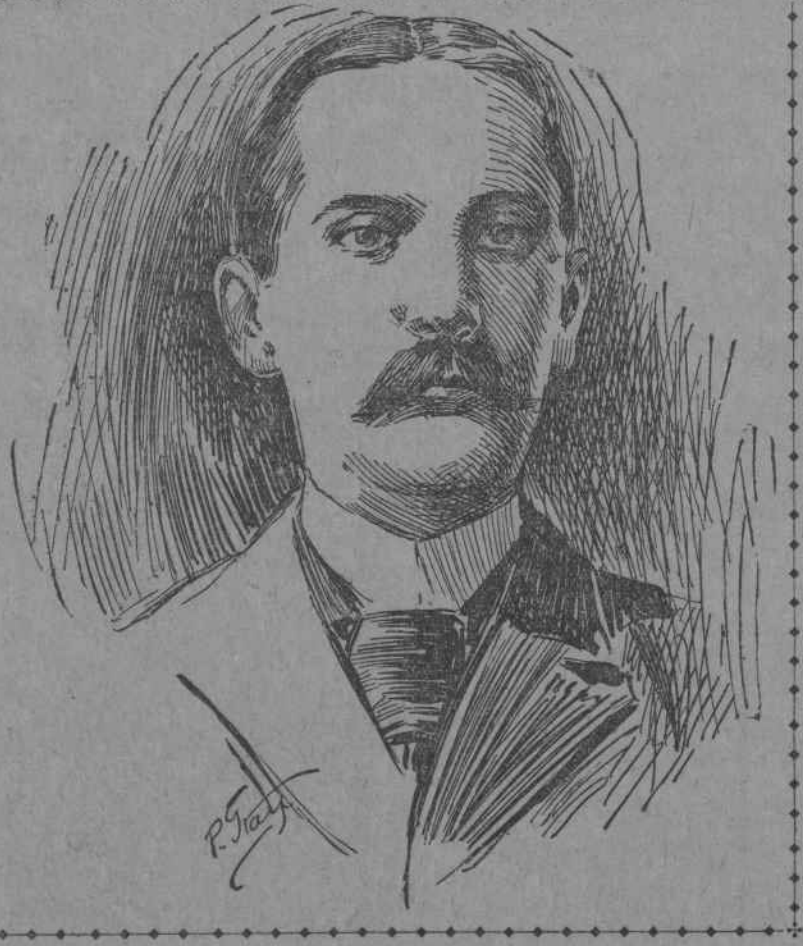
GRAY, the colored rider—That he is being starved. He claims that with plenty to eat he might have won; imagines celery is raw potato, and eats it only under pressure of force exerted by his trainers.

RULE, King, Johns, Elkes and Beacom are mentally sound at all stages. They have had plenty of rest since the beginning and do not show the strain. Beacom gets off his wheel three times a day to eat, and sleeps six hours every day.

The new Klondike Game—A most interesting entertainment for the children. Given away with Sunday's Journal.

The most popular song of the week—Atterton's laughing song in full sheet-music folio. Given away with Sunday's Journal.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All drug stores refund the money if it fails to cure. See the genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.



Edward Parker Deacon.

WHITE HOUSE WAS HIS TARGET. MOTHER MCKINLEY CLINGS TO LIFE.

Professor Alger's Carelessness Nearly Caused a Serious Mishap.

Remarkable Vitality of the Aged Woman Astonishes the Physician.

THE RIFLE WENT OFF. SHE IS SLOWLY FAILING.

He Was Experimenting in the Navy Department—Ball Struck a Window Plate There.

Her Inability to Take Nourishment Makes It Certain She Can Live Only a Short Time.

Washington, Dec. 10.—Through carelessness on the part of two officers of the Bureau of Ordnance, in the Navy Department building, in handling a gun, the White House became the target for a large caliber bullet. Professor Alger and Naval Constructor R. B. Dashiell, while examining the breech mechanism of the Lee 250-calibre rifle recently adopted, thoughtlessly placed a live cartridge in the chamber.

Professor Alger aimed the gun, pointing it out the window toward the White House. Accidentally the trigger was pulled and the cartridge exploded. At the same time the muzzle was drawn slightly to one side, and the bullet instead of reaching a living mark within the Executive Mansion, struck a half-inch steel plate on the side of the Navy Department window, pierced it, and rebounding from another plate, struck Professor Alger under the eye, inflicting a painful wound.

Pieces of flying steel also struck Constructor Dashiell in the head, but did no serious damage. Both officers were attended by Surgeon-General Van Rye and Dr. Boyd.

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WEALTHY FATHER BEATS HIS SON.

Newsboy of Nine Supports Brutal Parent Worth \$10,000.

BLOWS AND STARVATION.

Little Food and Frightful Whippings Unless the Daily Stipend Was Earned.

FRIENDS COME TO THE RESCUE.

An Italian Politician and a Question of Citizenship Intervene on Behalf of the Cruel Foreigner.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 10.—There was an interesting and rather unusual case in a police court here to-day, which involved a question of citizenship and the right of the local authorities to interfere and save little Tony Tomosina, an Italian newsboy, who sells Journals in the streets of Washington, from severe whippings, which he has been accustomed to receive from his inhuman father every evening he returned home without the stipulated amount he was required to earn every day.

The Tomosina family, consisting of the father and son, the latter aged perhaps nine years, resided until some months ago in an Italian quarter of New York. The elder's occupation was that of a vender and scissor grinder, but he depended upon the child's scant earnings for his sustenance and drink, and devoted his time to card playing.

There was little about the room of this cruel parent that little Tony could call home. He was pulled out of bed long before daylight every morning, and after getting a dish of macaroni was sent into the streets with a kick, supplemented by a threat that if he did not bring in a tidy sum by 9 o'clock that night he would receive the strap.

A Smart Little Boy.

Under this kind and severe treatment little Tony developed some good business ideas, and whenever Dame Fortune was overkind to him, he saved out all over the amount he was required to give his father at the end of the day, and hid it away that it might become available when times were hard and he needed cash for his treatment of Tony became so severe that the boy feared death and went home only because he was afraid to go. Then he was given an extra beating for being late.

When, one evening this week, the lawyer father visited the Journal bureau in wrath because the child had not appeared at the accustomed hour to present his earnings, the beer pitcher might have been replaced by a scolding. But recently the story-heated father either increased his demands upon those young and extremely feeble hands, or else in his cups he knew no mercy, for his treatment of Tony became so severe that the boy feared death and went home only because he was afraid to go. Then he was given an extra beating for being late.

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Miller Feels That He Will Win.

I feel pretty good, considering the journey I have gone through, and I feel confident I will hold the lead until the end. However, I can say that I have had enough of six-day races, and this will probably be my last. I should not have been able to get through so well had I not had a good trainer in West. He trained me as a man should be trained for this race, building up my body as well as my legs, so that I have not been compelled to use stomach pillows or supports of any kind. After this race I shall get married and settle down.

CHAS. W. MIDLER.

Miller's Trainer Confident of Victory.

Miller will win the race. Of that I have little doubt. He can start even with any man on the track at present and win out at the finish. There is not a better-conditioned man in the race than Miller, and he will retain that form to the finish. Every muscle in his body is in the best possible condition, there being no soreness of any kind. His stomach is in good shape, and as for sleep, I have a hard time getting him to take any rest. This afternoon I allowed him to rest a few minutes, and went to his room to find him reading the paper instead of sleeping, as I expected. Unless he meets with an accident, I cannot help but feel confident of success.

JOHN WEST, Trainer of Miller.

Journal's Expert Says the Men Are in a Fair Way of Becoming Insane.

I took occasion to-day to closely examine the poor fellows who are torturing themselves riding on the elongated saucer at the Garden, and watched the police surgeons examine the different men in turn.

From what I learned of their report it was found that the riders' pulse rates ran from 72 to 80 beats per minute. This, to a person unfamiliar with nervous diseases, would make it appear that the men were in pretty good physical condition.

But how is it in regard to their brains? I venture to say without fear of contradiction that every one of the riders I saw, with the exception of one or two, is suffering from hyperemia of the brain and spinal cord, and in a fair way, unless he has rest, of becoming mentally unbalanced.

The very slowness of circulation, with consequent more venous congestion, results from diminished heart power. The stagnation of the blood shows itself in the countenance of the contestants by a general cyanotic color in the neighborhood of the eyes and point of the nose, the prominence of the veins of the temple and neck, etc. The cause is due, in my opinion, to functional weakness of the left heart and overfulness of the right heart from prolonged and incomplete respiration, due to the cramped position assumed by the riders.

The lumbar pains, the painful sensations in the legs (outside of the soreness from use), the dulled sensibility, heaviness and stiffness in the legs, the general irritation of the nervous system, which shows itself when the men get in a tact and petulant humor toward their trainers when asked to go on their wheels, sometimes talking incoherently and disconnectedly, and starting to go in the opposite direction to that which they desire to go, shows how confused their minds are.

Their condition, with the depressing air, bad track and mental anguish, if long continued, certainly predisposes them to attacks of insanity.

H. VALENTINE WILDMAN, M. D.

HANDS OF RIDERS SUFFERING FROM THE FIVE DAYS' TORTURE.

